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VOL. LXXXII

No. 5

THE

# YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale University.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSES  
Cantabant SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."

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FEBRUARY, 1917

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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.—Conducted by the Students of Yale University. This magazine, established February, 1836, besides being the oldest college periodical, is the oldest extant literary monthly in America; entering upon its Eighty-second Volume with the number for October, 1916. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen by each successive Senior Class, from the members of that Class. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the University. In the Memorabilia it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; in the Book Notices and Editor's Table, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from students of all departments, and may be sent through the Post Office, or left at the office of the Magazine in Osborn Hall. They are due the 1st of the month. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. The Editors may always be found in the office on the first Monday evening after the announcement of contents, where they will return rejected manuscript and, if desired, discuss it with the contributors. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competition of all undergraduates, at the beginning of each academic year.

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# YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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FEBRUARY, 1917

No. 5

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EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF 1917.

ALFRED RAYMOND BELLINGER      SAMUEL SLOAN DURYEE  
PERCIVAL GRAY HART      ROBERT PAUL PFLIEGER  
CHARLES MORTON STEWART, III.

---

BUSINESS MANAGER,  
JAMES REED SANDERSON.

---

## THE CORNERS OF THE FIELD.

IN that meritorious and little-known work, the Book of Leviticus, between a regulation regarding peace offerings and a commandment against stealing and lying, occurs the following passage: "And when ye reap the harvest of your land, thou shalt not wholly reap the corners of thy field, neither shalt thou gather the gleanings of thy harvest. And thou shalt not glean thy vineyard, neither shalt thou gather every grape of thy vineyard; thou shalt leave them for the poor and stranger; I am the Lord your God." A further study of the code leads us to the conclusion that it was not the support of the poor and stranger but the effect on the chosen people themselves which primarily interested the divine lawgiver and we are driven to inquire why he should have urged this apparent incompleteness—this doctrine which seems so directly opposed to our favorite worship of efficiency. No one can read of the construction of the tabernacle and suppose that perfection of detail was a matter of indifference to the Children of Israel. No one can give the greatness of Moses the attention which so exalted a statesman deserves and not be aware that he was not only a man of high spiritual vision but of immense practical capability. That cool and careful assembly must have been conscious of the economic wastefulness of having the corners of the field unreaped, the vineyards un gleaned and of the fact

that the poor and stranger would have an easier time of it if they were to receive a portion of the scrupulously gathered harvest as alms than if they were left to forage for themselves. Yet the closing phrase of the commandment left no doubt as to the serious importance which they must attach to it. There can be only one reason: they were to be saved from the fate of the meticulous from the narrowing and hardening and soul-destroying of the pursuit of completeness of acquisition. Their ceremonials, their worship, their conduct toward God and man might be as complex as they would make it and must be as perfect as they could, but lest anyone should seek to reap the blessings of the Lord with too keen an eye—with too grasping a hand, God stood before them and said, "Thou shalt not." And so was secured to the people the divine gift of incompleteness and all its attendant virtues and benefits—generosity, imagination, leisure, romance.

There is much talk, in this day, of our inefficiency and there are many who believe that the cure is in a dogged attention to details which, when it shall have removed our petty failings, will have made us supermen. Very few dare, in these times, to plead for leisure, for culture, for impractical idealism. Yet is it not a little strange that we should fail to see that true efficiency or any other kind of greatness to which we may aspire is not to be created by a negative process of eliminating flaws? A character or a philosophy worth having can no more be made by such a method than could a statue by taking a block of marble and filing away the rough places. We must have an idea of the whole, a plan on which to work, and to that end we must have the emancipation from detail which gives us sense of proportion and capacity for inspiration. The definition of genius as an infinite capacity to take pains is certainly a thoroughly unsatisfactory one if we are to believe the expert accountant the greatest of geniuses. Surely we need for our hands and our minds and our hearts some spots aloof from the routine, some moments devoid of practical purpose, some unreaped corners of the field of our life.

In the sphere of education this is not only desirable and necessary, but possible, as it is not, alas! in too many other

walks of life. The much noted derivation of our colorless word "school" is not a mere curiosity, it is full of interest and significance. The antiquity which associated education with leisure was wiser than we who strive to make it synonomous with mental acquisition. The academic atmosphere, the academic calm, the academic attraction, are still desiderate and still within our reach. It is just this that Mr. Flexner ignores in his lately perfected machinery for the new ideal education. There was a man who lived in Mexico once, who had a valuable Swiss watch that was out of repair. Consequently he sent it to a Mexican watchmaker and waited hopefully for its return. After a protracted period of that result which waiting in Mexican affairs is sure to produce, he finally sent and demanded his watch, whereupon it was shortly returned to him apparently complete, though not going, and accompanied by a little pill box containing half a dozen watch wheels labelled "these were left over." It seems a little as though Mr. Flexner, having taken the exclusively complex thing we call education to pieces and put it together again on other lines, had been confronted with some ingredients which, as they did not fit into his machinery, he had been obliged to return to us as "left over." And these things for which he has no further use, it seems, are exactly what distinguishes college from business school, what keeps alive the individual imagination, what guards us from the menace of machinery. Far be it from us to take that extreme attitude so vigorously upheld by Mr. Boris Sidis, that the aim of education must be the production of geniuses and that the system which produces artisans is beneath the consideration of an intellectual man. Yet even that seems a more attractive ideal than the one which is approached by the careful exclusion of individuality and the abhorrence of the impractical. Of all the menaces to higher education in these days, surely the passion for the practical is the most insidious! It is the cry for complete utility, the demand for a full sight of the near foreground and neglect of the background, the temptation to get bread from every square inch of the field.

This community, moreover, is confronted with yet another problem of this character—the well-known Yale over-organi-

zation. Let a man discover himself to be one of a group all interested in the same thing, and, instead of taking it calmly and enjoying what there is in it, he makes them into an organization, forsooth, and by that simple process he transforms his interest into a mission, his group into a machine, his pleasure into a responsibility. Oh for some divine pruner to top off from the bodily academic the multitude of moribund societies that do so easily beset us! It is not that they are not all worthy enough of purpose. Eminently respectable they are and always just on the verge of making great transformations in undergraduate life. But is it worth it? Is it desirable that most of the finest intelligencies among us should be able to devote so small a fraction of their time to the pure delight of unpurposeful association with their fellow men because of the host of petty duties with which they are laden? How are we to defend an academic institution where reading is a self-indulgence and a somewhat rare one at that? The particular kind of waste of time to which we are addicted is not idleness but lost motion. For the college, at least, there can hardly be a doubt of the desirability of leisure, or repose of mind, of the unproductive pleasantness of dreams which widen into the transforming grandeur of visions. Some day we shall come to realize that, and the corners of our field will be full of color and of song.

*Alfred Raymond Bellinger.*

## TRANSIENT.

The night I left,  
We stood together there on old Pine Top,  
Watching the little lake,—so far below it seemed a drop  
Of water, glistening on a broad nasturtium leaf.  
I had so many things to say—thoughts full of grief  
At parting, but I left them all  
Unsaid. For I knew well a breath might break the wall  
That you had built so sturdily  
Against regret to come with love for me.  
I wanted it to stand awhile, that you might see  
More clearly at its fall,  
And understanding how it had kept out all  
That love can give. Perhaps I was resentful—perhaps dumb  
With injured pride, for you had called my love a transient, come  
From woods and water and an open sky,  
To vanish when we left them,—or to die  
In crowded traffic. Still, I wondered that you didn't know  
How things like these endure. And so  
We waited, stilled and tense, to hear  
The whistle, when the stage drew near  
To take me to the train  
And bring me into city din again.  
Four wistful months without you!  
Yet we waited there without a word,—we knew  
Our sentient, inconsistent moods  
And fought to keep down platitudes.

At last it came,  
Sharp, shrill, insistent, like a flame  
For welding steel. You drew your coat and made it cling  
Closer around you, shivering.  
“I guess it's time to go,” you said,  
And tried to smile bravely,—but you turned your head

That I might think you unafraid.  
It wouldn't work,—you caught your breath, and swayed  
Trembling against my arm.—And then  
Came one brief, breathless moment, when  
I held you close. I still can see  
You looking down,—bewildered—after me.

And now to-night is here,—the four  
Long months are past. It's strangely like it was before  
You see, we're in a woods of dancing folk, beneath a sky  
Of billowed bunting, studded here and there with shy  
Little incandescent stars, that look  
Like fairy eyes, strayed from a fairy-book.  
—And water, too,—the shining floor  
That seems half water and half shore,  
And twinkles underneath our feet  
To make the phantasy complete,  
Oh tell me dear, can anyone  
Find romance in a slide-trombone?  
—Please favor *me*, and tell me how  
Cotillions go,—why, there's the leader's whistle now—  
You thought that, too?  
I felt your arm  
Tighten in quick alarm  
Across my back again.  
Don't be afraid—I'll never make the train.  
I'm so *exultant*,—why, the crash of drums  
Sounds like an old wall tumbling down. Then comes  
The 'cello's sigh, to sweep it all away, and so  
The dance is over. Oh and *now* you know  
It must be true, or else you couldn't look at me  
And smile so gladly, so confidingly.  
Look deep, Love, and you'll see the way  
A lonely transient has returned—to stay.

*Philip J. Q. Barry.*

## POETRY OF THE CHINESE.

**A** LITTLE under three hundred years—from A. D. 618 to 906—the period of the T'ang dynasty, and the great age of Chinese poetry had come and gone. “Poetry,” says a modern Chinese critic, “came into being with the Odes, developed with the Li Sao, burst forth and reached perfection under the T'angs.” In so limited an article as the following, it is, of course, impossible to do more than scratch the surface of a subject that extended over so many years and phases of development so we must be content with but these three chief epochs and only a few of the better translations, from the more well-known poets.

The early ballads and odes collected by Confucius differ from all ballad literature of all other times and countries. Their theme is peace, not war. Only at rare moments of exaltation or despair do we hear the lyrical cry rising above the monotone of dreamlike content. Blurred often and unfinished, they are yet interpretative and may be likened to the little earthen craft of the primitive pottery. To the Chinese such things as marriage, friendship, and home seem to have a deeper, possibly a more mystic feeling. The sanctity of the home where the father is the high priest worshipping at the shrine of the ancestral spirit has a deeper, more spiritual and poetic meaning. There is a quiet and calm and appreciation of the noble uses of leisure lacking in our Western temperament and in the early odes there is a lilting, gentle sadness. Their poetry is, as a whole, chiefly melancholy and deals with the transitory character of life, with its partings and other ills. It is “emotion expressed in words.”

Cold from the spring the waters pass  
Over the waving pampas grass  
All night long in dream I lie  
Ah me! ah me! to awake and sigh—  
Sigh for the city of Chow.

And another of the odes that are not exactly odes:

The sun is ever full and bright,  
The pale moon waneth night by night.  
Why should this be?

My heart that once was full of light  
Is but a dying moon tonight.

But when I dream of thee apart,  
I would the dawn might lift my heart  
O Sun, to thee.

And again:

A pretty girl at time o' gloaming  
Hath whispered me to go and meet her  
Without the city gate

She has gathered with her lily fingers  
A lily fair and rare to see.  
Oh sweeter still the fragrance lingers  
From the warm hand that gave it me.

- The favorite meters consisted in lines of five or seven characters or syllables—usually four, eight, twelve or sixteen lines long.

There are no epics in the Chinese and few long poems. "The men of old reckoned it the highest excellence in poetry that the meaning should lie beyond the words and the reader should have to think it out." In fact the two essentials of verse making with the Chinese are concentration and suggestion and of course in this manner the "stop short" poem, where the words stop and the sense goes on, is ideal. The "stop short" is a gate in a garden where one may wander endlessly, it is the lifted curtain through which one glimpses infinity.

High o'er the hill the moon barque steers  
The lantern lights depart.  
Dead springs are stirring in my heart;  
And there are tears . . .  
But that which makes my grief more deep  
Is that you know not when I weep.

The following is a good example of the suggestiveness of the "stop short":

A tortoise I see on a lotus flower resting  
A bird mid the reeds and rushes is nesting,  
A light skiff propelled by some boatman's fair daughter  
Whose song dies away o'er the fast flowing water.

After the odes during the fourth century B. C. comes the Li Sao—literally Falling Into Trouble—of Ch'u Yuan, probably the most famous early Chinese poem. It describes the search for virtue and an earnest endeavor to translate precept into practice, and in a Phoenix cart drawn by dragons the poet makes an excursion embracing the Moon, the Milky Way, the Western Pole and the sources of the Yellow river. Following is an extract from one of the many songs scattered through the poem:

Methinks there's a genius  
Roams in the mountains  
Girdled with ivy  
And robed in wisteria,  
Lips ever smiling  
Of noble demeanor,  
Driving the yellow pard  
Tiger attended  
Couched in a chariot  
With banners of cassia  
Cloaked with the orchid  
And crowned with azaleas.

Ch'u Yuan, the author, fell into disfavor, and left court. While still in a somewhat disgruntled frame of mind he met a fisherman in whom he confided that the world was foul and he alone clean. "They are all drunk," said he, "while I alone am sober." "Ah!" said the fisherman, "the true sage does not quarrel with his environment, but adapts himself to it. If the world is foul, why not make it clean? If all men drink, why not drink with them and teach them to avoid excess." This so impressed Ch'u Yuan that he clasped a huge stone, leaped into the river, and was seen no more. This was the origin of the Dragon Boat Festival which is held on the fifth day of the fifth moon and is a search for the poet's body.

Lin Heng, one of the better known poets of the Han dynasty, is one of the twenty-four classical examples of filial piety, having waited on his dying mother for three years without changing his clothes. This seems to have depressed him for he writes:

"Man reaches scarce a hundred yet his tears  
Would fill a lifetime of a thousand years."

During the third century A. D. arose the first literary club, a most remarkable set of men known as the Seven Sages of the Bamboo Grove. They possessed many talents including music, alchemy, and poetry, and were all excessively hard drinkers. Among them was Lin Sing who declared that to a drunken man "the affairs of this world appear but as so much duckweed in a river." He wished always to be accompanied by a servant with wine, followed by another with a spade so that he might be buried where he fell. Another was Hsi K'ang, a handsome young man of seven feet seven who was married into the Imperial family. He varied his studies of poetry, alchemy and music by practicing the art of breathing with a view of securing immortality. Wang Jung, another of the gifted men, could look at the sun without being dazzled.

Fu I was the originator of epitaphs and wrote his own:

"Fu I loved the green hills and white clouds . . .  
Alas! he died of drink."

Pithy, to say the least, but in comparison to many of our Eastern epitaphs it seems an admirable form—frank and to the point—a man's life in two lines.

We now come to the highest point of Chinese poetry—the period of the T'angs and to the greatest poet of the most illustrious period Li Po—A. D. 702-762. His method—and that of his school—was one of complete surrender to a particular mood until the mood itself surrenders to the artist. His wild Bohemian life, his gay and dissipated career at Court, his exile and his tragic end, all combine to form a most effective setting for the splendid flow of verse which he never ceased to pour forth. At the early age of ten he wrote a "stop short" to a firefly:

"Rain cannot quench thy lantern's light,  
Wind makes it shine more brightly bright;  
Oh why not fly to heaven afar,  
And twinkle near the moon—a star?"

I think the picture of the small, serious little Chinaman with his round yellow face and intent black eyes meditating upon the firefly in the dusk of a Chinese evening is rather a pleasant one. Later on he drank very heavily and usually had

to be sobered up with a cold sponge before he was fit for the Imperial presence. His Imperial patron was Ming Huang of the T'ang dynasty, the passionate lover of one beautiful woman—T'ai Chen of a thousand songs—whose ill-starred fate inspired Po Chu'i, the tenderest of all their singers—besides a host of others. Within the royal park on the border of the lake stood a little pavilion round whose balcony crept jasmine and magnolia flowers ever scenting the air. Underneath flamed a tangle of peonies in bloom, leaning down to the calm blue water. Here in the evening the favorite reclined watching the sunset in the water vie with the sunset beyond. Here the emperor sent his minister for Li Po and here the great lyrist set her mortal beauty to glow from the scented, flower-haunted balustrade immortally through the twilights yet to come.

“What matter if the snow  
Blot out the garden? She shall still recline  
Upon the scented balustrade and glow  
With spring that thrills her warm blood into wine.”

Once and only once was the artist in Ming Huang merged in the Emperor. In that supreme crisis of the empire and a human soul when the mutinous soldiers were thronging about the royal tent and clamoring for the blood of the favorite, it was the emperor who sent her forth

“lily pale  
between tall avenues of spears to die.”

The emperor went into exile broken-hearted and ever sought the soul of his favorite. The story of their love with the grave between is due to the genius of Chu-i. To all the poets coming after, these two lovers have been types of the romantic and mystic love between man and woman. Through them the symbols of the mandarin duck and drake, the one winged birds that must fly in pairs, the tree whose boughs are interwoven, are revealed.

Li Po ended his career by drowning while leaning too far out of a boat endeavoring to embrace the reflection of the moon. Following are from others of his poems:

“The birds have all flown to their nest in the tree,  
The last cloud has just floated lazily by;

But we never tire of each other, not we,  
As we sit there together—the mountain and I."

"You ask what my soul does away in the sky,  
I inwardly smile but I cannot reply;  
Like the peach blossom carried away by the stream  
I soar to a world of which you cannot dream."

Another poet of this same period is Tu Fu, who was so impressed with his own ability that he prescribed his poems as a cure for malarial fever.

"White gleam the gulls across the darkling tide  
On the green hills, the red flowers seem to burn;  
Alas! I see another spring has died . . . .  
When will it come the day of my return?"

Wang Wei writes:

"Beneath the bamboo grove, alone  
I seize my lute and sit and croon;  
No ear to hear me, save mine own  
No eye to see me save the moon."

Han Yu, 768-824 A. D., is one of China's most venerated poets. His friend, Sin Tung-Yuan, said he never ventured to open the works of Han Yu without first washing his hands in rose water. He was much beloved and it was said that "wherever he passed, he purified." He is even said to have driven away a huge crocodile which was devastating the water courses in the neighborhood; and the denunciatory ultimatum which he addressed to the Monster and threw into the river along with a pig and a goat, is still regarded as a model of Chinese composition:

"Dusk comes, the east wind blows and birds  
Pipe forth a mournful sound,  
Petals like nymphs from balconies  
Come tumbling to the ground."

"The very wax sheds sympathetic tears  
And gutters sadly down till dawn appears."

With the "Autumn" of Ou-Yang Hsiu, 1007-1072 A. D., of the Sung dynasty we will bring this article to a close. We are of course unable to realize the versification, the rhythm and the poetic beauty of form of Chinese poetry, but through these translations—inadequate as they may be—we can at least

glimpse somewhat into the philosophy and the poetic strivings of a great people and the sorrowful beauty and pathos of many of the poems persists even through translation.

"One night when dreaming over ancient books  
There came to me a sudden, far-off sound  
From the South West. I listened wondering  
As on it crept: at first a gentle sigh,  
Like as a spirit passing; then it swelled  
Into the roaring of great waves that smite  
The broken vanguard of the cliff; the rage  
Of storm black tigers in the night  
Among the jackals of the wind and rain.  
· · · · ·

'Alas' I cried then Autumn is upon us now.  
'Tis thus, O boy; that Autumn comes, the cold  
Pitiless Autumn of the wreck and mist,  
Autumn, the season of the cloudless sky.

*Alexander Wiley.*

## STANZAS.

## I.

Oh give me a Shantung shenzi,\*  
And the life of a muleteer,  
Oh give me a load  
And a mountain road,  
And the way of a pioneer!

## II.

Farewell to the ships at anchor,  
And the junks from old Shanghai,  
I'll see them again  
In the month of ten,  
When the snow is lying high.

## III.

Farewell to the Traveler's Tea-shop,  
Farewell to Father Wise;  
Instead of good talk  
We'll have mules that balk,  
And dust that clouds the skies.

## IV.

Ah! Goodbye my pretty flower,  
Goodbye my pretty Zai—  
Though my mules be dead  
And my heart be lead,  
'Twill be you I love for aye.

## V.

So away from the hot-lying city,  
Away from the lazy sea:

\*A "shenzi" is the pullman car and fast freight of North China,—a sort of tub of matting resting on two long poles, which, in turn, rest on the back of two miles—one in front, one behind.

The creak of the whip  
On the Inland trip  
Is orders for mules and me.

## VI.

We'll out by the Carpenter's Alley  
Back of the Donkey's Rest,  
Out by the gate  
That closes late,  
That hits the highway best.

## VII.

We'll pass the Temple of Northern Hill,  
Of Buddah's Thousand and One,  
We'll take the turn  
Where the poppies burn,  
And we'll strike for the Western Sun.

## VIII.

And never a word will we think to speak,  
Oh, never the long day through,  
While the shenzi creaks,  
And sways, and squeaks,  
And the inns are far and few.

## IX.

Who knows what we perchance may meet,  
—A band of robbers gay?  
—A devil's form  
In a thunderstorm,  
Or a pack of wolves astray?

## X.

But still we'll on from day to day,  
Crawling from hill to hill,  
Weary and worn  
And travel-torn,  
And glad of the life with a thrill.

## xi.

For, ah, there's a thrill in the long, long, way,  
And the load brought safe to the end.  
—That feeling of pride  
Of the true and tried  
Is the prize the high gods send.

*Henry R. Luce.*

## THE STRANGER.

**A** DEVIL and an angel meeting in the realm of the Invisible fell into conversation. Each complained to the other that his work was too routine-like, that good people were so stupidly good and bad people so beastially wicked that there was no particular pleasure in saving the one class or ruining the other. The angel thought his subjects lifeless sticks; the devil remarked that his minions would go as straight to perdition without his assistance as with it.

"We don't have any more real battles for men's souls," they had agreed, and between them they were feeling rather disappointed, when the angel proposed a plan.

"Let us each drop our regular work for a while," he said, "and see if we each can't find one really highstrung mortal to practice upon,—a complicated case you know, where we can exercise some care and subtlety. It will be a restful experience for us both, and we can compare notes afterward."

"Agreed," cried the devil, and they shook hands upon it,—whence grew this story.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Boy was leaning on a pile-head and watching the river roll by. Red-brown and oily with the thick mud of Georgia, it swept in heavy ripples and wavelets through the wharf-piles, around the noses of half-a-dozen big ocean freighters, in and out amidst the flat-bottomed river skiffs, and ever on and on, down past the old Southern city, down past the old forts, down past Quarantine, and so on down for ten or fifteen miles until it ran out into the open ocean and lost itself in the ceaseless swells of the Atlantic. The Boy had been down to the river mouth frequently, and he now pictured it to himself as he leaned on the pile,—just how those long, sandy, seaward-stretching river banks looked, covered with swamp grass, studded with knolls of live-oak and palm, and finally melting away from swamp into beach, from beach into break-

ers, and from breakers to the blue bosom of the great ocean. He thought of the pirates that used to run in behind the sandy islands, of the bluff-bowed merchantmen that used to labor up river to the city, and of the square-built, sun-burned men that made their living by the sea. His eyes fell upon a Norwegian bark loading across the river.

"Ah," he said, "that's the life. Think of those fellows going all over the world and seeing and doing everything, while I'm stuck here for life. Why couldn't I have been a sailor?"

"Yes, why couldn't you, if you like it?" chimed in a voice at his elbow. The Boy, startled to think that he had been overheard, quickly straightened up to look into a rather kindly pair of gray eyes twinkling out from a lean and weather-lined face. The Stranger was neatly dressed, and he carried himself with an easy air. He, too, leaned confidentially against the pile.

"Thinking about the sea?" he asked pleasantly. "I know how you feel, and you needn't be ashamed of it. Every now and then when I'm ashore I'm just bound to come down and look over the ships. It gets a man now and then, you know. There's a square-head loading for Rio. They're good sailors, but I *do* wish her skipper would stay his top-masts forrard. I'm surprised at him."

The Boy rejoiced. There are few people nowadays, even in our seaport towns, who can discourse with intelligence upon the ways of the sea. The Boy had always been interested in the water and ships, but he was obliged to draw most of his information about them from books and pictures, and the occasional nautical acquaintances he picked up on the pier-heads were most welcome. He was one of those unfortunates who have never faced a gale on the open ocean.

The Stranger was a good conversationalist.

"Yes," he said, "this is the first time I've seen anything bigger than a park row-boat since I blew into New York last fall. I did think *that* trip was a big enough dose for awhile, but I reckon not."

The Boy's curiosity was immediately aroused, and he soon elicited a tale of adventure that set his imagination aflame. He asked for more, and got it,—stories of voyages and wrecks,

battles on far shores and mutinies in strange seas, heroisms, foolhardiness, and a thousand and one adventures over the face of the broad earth. Under the bright Georgia sun, above the rippling river he listened,—listened for hours until the tide turned and the ripples streamed the other way.

It was the beginning of a friendship which grew more and more firm between them, for the Stranger seemed to be fond of the Boy, and the latter found in the Stranger a response to all his romantic imaginings and vague longings. One evening the two were sitting in the quiet shadows of the old city park. The foliage was heavy about them and no one was near.

"Look here, Boy," said his friend. "I like you first rate, and I have a proposition to lay before you. I suppose you've wondered what I'm doing here,—well, I'm going to trust you and explain. Just now I'm acting for the Liberal Opportunists in San Pedro. You've heard of the revolution they're having down there. Juan Macati is leading the insurrection, but he's short of rifles. Now I've got fifteen hundred Winchesters and fifteen hundred thousand rounds ready for San Pedro,—just waiting till we can ship 'em off. Well, Juan needs an intelligent young fellow, first, to get that shipment through all right, and then to act as his lieutenant. He wants an American. What do you say?"

The Boy looked wistfully at the gravel path.

"Thanks awfully," he answered, "but I really couldn't think of it. I'd give my eye-teeth for the chance, but you know I'm not free. I've got my own life and responsibilities to think of, and I can't throw everything away just for a little excitement in San Pedro,"

"Why, what's the big job you've got here?"

The Boy flushed. "I admit that a common clerkship isn't much, but at least it's an honorable calling, and I may be able to do something with my life if I stick to it and not just—" He paused uncomfortably.

"Not just throw it away like I've done with mine, eh?" supplied the Stranger. "Thanks for the compliment."

"No. I didn't—"

"Of course you didn't mean to be personal. Good heavens! I thought you *liked* adventure and travel."

"I *do*, more than anything else. It appeals to me tremendously, and I wish you hadn't said that about San Pedro, for now I won't be able to get it out of my head. But I can't throw away my life. Don't you see that it wouldn't be *right*? I'm responsible for it to the world,—it wasn't given me to chuck overboard as I please."

"But you aren't accomplishing much now."

"No, and I hate being a clerk. I feel dead and useless and unhappy all around. But that's all the more reason not to give up."

"Oh, come now. You take yourself so tremendously seriously. You're so terrifically important to yourself. Why, it's worth it just to enjoy living and be happy. I suppose Drake and Frobisher and those old fellows worried about their mission in the world! *Yes* they did! Come, you owe it to yourself."

But the Boy's conscience held. "No, I can't do it," he said.

The Stranger was silent for a while. At last he heaved a sigh and spoke in a different tone.

"Well, I'm sorry. But at least you'll help me out a bit. We're transferring the rifles down to the old piling above Quarantine and storing them there until our tramp that we've hired comes up and they can be taken off. Can't you help me check them over as they're brought in?"

"Certainly," answered the Boy a little more brightly, "that would be heaps of fun."

He managed next day to get a short vacation, and that afternoon he and the Stranger slipped away on the ebb-tide in a little river sloop laden heavily with rifles. Down the river they went, past dreary swamps to the ragged line of abandoned wharfage which thrust its ugliness up on a stretch of bank not far above Quarantine.

Here, in the loneliness of the swamps they established themselves, together with four brown-skinned little natives of San Pedro. When the tide ebbed, the sloops would begin to

arrive, the Boy would seat himself on a stringer and check off the cases, while the San Pedrans would swing them ashore and hide them away beneath the dock. So they would work until the flood began to make, when they would all gather together before a fire, frizzle bacon, play cards, and laugh and joke until it was time to get some sleep against the next running of the ebb.

The Boy grew to like the little brown-skinned chaps. He began to feel that strange spiritual swing of team-work, a kind of exaltation that comes of living and working with a group of men, and pulling with them for a common cause,—a feeling that comes all the stronger for there being no roof over one's head and no more sordid influence about than the silence of the wide marshes. But as this feeling grew upon the Boy, he became more and more unhappy. He thought of the time when it would all be over, and he should have to return to his narrow office, when his place in the team would be empty, when his part in the work would be dropped, when he would be left idle and his friends would be working and fighting and *doing* in the San Pedran jungles. At such times he would think of the Stranger's offer, and once he found himself asking if one's conscience were always right.

This occurred to him more and more after the *Deccan* had anchored opposite the piling, and they had begun to transfer the cases from the dock to the small boats and so out to the tramp. He was thinking of it on the last night, when he knew that morning would see the *Deccan*'s men battening down her hatches and getting her anchor, and it was in the midst of such a thought that he heard the Stranger's voice.

"We'll have to watch tonight, José," he was saying to one of the San Pedrans. "The Opposition's men have found us, I think. I hear Cabral has been in town. They may rush us here tonight if we don't watch for them."

"Si, Señor."

A new thought sprang into the Boy's mind. Immediate danger! Could he fight with his friends? For a moment he thought of asking for a gun, then his first resolution returned. No, he had his own life to think of, and when the Stranger

advised him to slip into the swamp in case of an attack, unhappily he agreed.

A tenseness of excitement now fell upon the group, and they worked fast under the spur of danger. Each man strained his ears for sounds of an approaching enemy, but all they heard was the splash of oars and the creaking of the cases as the work went on. At last the light broke in the east, the marshes, the river, the freighter were all a strange, cold gray. They were filling the last boat, a feeling of relief appeared, the tenseness seemed over, when—

Crack! Single, clear, startling, the report of a rifle rang so weirdly, with a sound so detached in that deathly morning stillness, that each man felt as if something had burst within his own head. Everyone stood frozen, there was an eternal moment of silence, until a volley burst from the thickness of the swamp. At that, the men on the dock sprang into action, and answered the unseen foe with rifle and pistol.

The Boy had halted with the others. His very brain had ceased to work at that first shot. But with the crashing of the volley, and the bullets clipping the wood at his feet, with the sight of his friends firing, loading, and firing again, with the sound of an oath somewhere behind him, his thoughts flashed quickly. He was under fire, his friends were fighting for their lives, their team, *his* team was in danger. Should he respond to his share? He saw the Stranger pitch heavily forward, an automatic pistol clattering from his hand. A moment he hesitated, then his restraint gave way, and a rage seized him, as wild and uncontrollable as the most primal passions of primeval man. He snatched up the weapon, raised it, and very steadily emptied the magazine at the oncoming figures in the swamp.

"The boat!" yelled José. "Never mind the other guns!"

With the rest, the Boy dropped to the thwarts. A mighty sense of freedom, of delight surged over him. As he looked at the smoking pistol in his hand he saw the restraint, the unhappiness of his old existence fade away, and a new vision of life, of joy supreme, open out before him.

"I'm with you, boys, to the end!" he cried in the voice of a man who has found himself. And as the boat was swept

out on the tide, so the Boy was swept from his childhood's moorings, swept out down the river and into the great ocean of life.

\* \* \* \* \*

When the Opportunists clambered on to the wharf they were surprised to find no corpse, although one man had certainly been left there for dead. Of course, they did not know it, but the Stranger had gone to recount his success in the little plan whose inception was duly recorded at the beginning of this tale. But what I have always wondered is this: Was the Stranger the devil,—or the angel?

*Walter Millis.*

## TWO WOMEN.

## A HILL-WOMAN.

"You'd think I'd hate the hills?"—well, this life brings  
Little that's new. Once many years ago  
I thought I'd leave the place and flee below,  
Down where the world is bright with life and change,  
But I met him, and now—it's very strange  
How marriage changes things.

"Listen!—beyond that grove (You would not know)  
A hermit thrush—it sings round five each night!  
One moment now and *he* will come in sight  
Driving the chestnut mare! There, that's his call!  
I hate the hills? How could I now at all,  
Knowing he loves them so?"

## A BARGE-WIFE.

How many days now is it we have lain  
Here by the towering docks?—I do not know;  
Each day, eager and free, the sail-boats go  
Out to the west. I would go swiftly, too,  
Like a bird at dawn across the opening blue,  
Like a bird—to rest again.

He has grown silent with the years—men do—  
Having talked the same thing much. For my part, now,  
It is enough to watch the huge boats plow  
Furrows of white; to cook, to sew, to hear  
Her little laughing voice! Yet God, I fear  
Lest she be a barge-wife, too.

*J. Farrar.*

## A CHARACTER PART.

THE office door closed behind the slim, proud lady with the jade earrings, and the line moved up. Mary Ellen took the last chair, pulled her checked coat over her knees, adjusted her broad-brimmed straw hat, and carefully straightened her round-toed shoes, which seemed to have a marked penchant for turning in. She continued to look straight ahead, and the office boy regarded the tip of her retroussé nose with mild interest.

"You're next," he announced, and winked broadly at the lavender-powdered girl on the other side of her. The recipient of the wink giggled and turned to her unbelievably pale companion, in the pseudo-fox furs.

"Say," she whispered loudly, "take a squint at her once. Can you beat it? Wait until Freeman sees *her*."

The pale one leaned forward and scrutinized the girl brazenly. Astonishment and wonder stimulated her to take the name of the Lord in vain.

"Look at that nose!" she gasped. "You can see yourself in it—and those duds!" She sank back, recrossed her knees weakly, and made a vain attempt to control her mirth.

The lavender-faced one shook her head doubtfully, "I don't know," she whispered. "They say Ziegfeld just eats that simple sweet stuff. We might tip her off."

"G'wan if you want to," rejoined the pale one. "I'd laugh in her face if I tried to give her a line."

The first girl took a deep breath and nudged Mary Ellen, who started visibly in spite of the fact that the whole conversation had been distinctly audible to her.

"Say," she said, "if you're tryin' for a job in the chorus, take my advice and go round to see Ziegfeld. Tell the guy in the office May Andrews sent you, and he'll get you in all right."

Mary Ellen smiled at her. "I'm not going into the chorus," she said sweetly, and then hesitated. "I—I want an emotional part."

The girl looked at her incredulously. "An emotional part?" she queried in wonder. "Why you ain't got a chance—that takes *acting*."

Mary Ellen regarded her tan gloves fixedly. "I know," she said confidently, "but I'm best at that sort of thing."

The girl made one last effort. "I'm giving you the straight dope," she urged, "you go see Ziegfeld." But Mary Ellen shook her head firmly. The lavender-faced one shrugged her shoulders and gave up. She had done all she could. The Goddess of Mirth at her side whispered something derogatory concerning Mary Ellen's ankles which were very pretty, although the white stockings did wrinkle. Both girls shook with laughter, but the neoteric Maud Muller continued to gaze ahead, seemingly oblivious of the loud slangy repartee scintillating from all sides.

Suddenly the door opened, and the office-boy brought his labored, off-key whistling to a sharp conclusion. "You can go ahead in now," he murmured patronizingly. "Miss de Vere's through."

The girl rose eagerly and approached the door of the inner temple. The lady in the jade earrings emerged grandly, drew herself to full height and regarded her frigidly. Mary Ellen's eyes met hers for a moment and then faltered humbly before the vision, whose whole appearance was rather suggested by the nature of her earrings. The lady swept past her, and the neophyte entered the office. Freeman looked up from his desk and motioned her to be seated. Mary Ellen felt timidly behind her till her hand fell on the back of the chair, which she grasped firmly. Then she sat down uncertainly. Freeman continued to regard her with interest. He had a kindly eye; in fact, two kindly eyes which peered out from beneath an overgrowth of eyebrows,—and he had a humorous mouth. His only adjuncts to the profession of theatrical agent, seemed to be a head totally devoid of any hirsute adornment, and the fact that his figure had not departed but only gone before. The proverbial

"heavy gold watch chain" reposed comfortably on his ample waistcoat, which, however, was *not* checked. The girl stirred uneasily at the unexpected silence and began to fumble nervously at the catch of her red leather handbag. It snapped viciously and startled her.

"What's your name?" asked Freeman. The girl looked up at him gratefully.

"Mary Ellen Lafferty," she replied breathlessly and then cleared her throat in preparation for the ordeal to follow.

"Where do you live?"

"Honeyoye Falls—n—near Rochester," she added hurriedly.

"What do you want to go on the stage for?" continued the inquisitor, relentlessly.

"I—I want to be an actress," stammered the girl.

"Folks know you've come?"

"Y—yes, sir." She was obviously frightened. She regarded her shoes intently for awhile, and then caught them around the legs of the chair in sudden embarrassment.

"Any experience?" he asked. She seemed unsusceptible to the delicate irony of the question.

"Oh yes," she began eagerly. "I've taken leading parts in the Thespian Club—that's our Church club back home, for two years. I—I do emotional parts."

Freeman grinned broadly and handed her a worn, paper-backed book. It was his favorite text for young women who believe it their Christian duty to follow the call of a histrionic career.

"Start at the top of page 109, and finish the scene," he said. "Take Lucy's part."

The girl stood up, adjusted her hat, held the book stiffly at arm's length, and began in what might have been considered, with apologies to Matthew Arnold, a "grand style."

"Oh father!" she began in a shrill voice, "'don't you recognize your own daughter?'"

Freeman lighted a cigar and leaned back in his chair. The action surprised the girl and she looked at him dumbly. "Go ahead," he prompted, "I have come —."

Mary Ellen recovered both poise and pose and continued. "I have come back after all these long years of wandering, because I knew that here, and here alone, would I find the peace and comfort that the cold, cruel world cannot give."

Freeman grinned and then contemplated his cigar ash affectionately as the professed emotionalist went on.

Finally the climax came. Mary Ellen rose to the occasion. She made a sudden awkward leap forward and wound her left hand around her head in the approved cinema fashion.

"Don't turn me out, Father," she entreated brokenly, "I was only a young, innocent girl and he *swore* he loved me."

It was too much even for Freeman. He burst into a loud guffaw and extended his hand. "Here, give me the book," he said. Mary Ellen obeyed in hurt surprise.

"Didn't I do it all right?" she asked anxiously. Freeman ignored her question. It had just dawned on him that he was an important personage and his time was valuable.

"Take my advice and hop the first train for Honeyoye," he said bluntly. "God never meant you to be an actress."

The girl sank stupefied into her chair. "Can't you find *any* place for me?" she implored. "I'd take a small part to start with."

"Nope," rejoined Freeman. "I haven't a thing for you—you wouldn't go, even in a road melodrama. Run along little girl—the cows are waiting for you, and other people for me. Sorry, but you'll be better off. Thanks." He motioned toward the door and began to arrange the papers on his desk.

For a moment the girl stared at him silently, with wonder in her eyes. Then she rose, slouched over to him, and reposed one elbow carelessly on the desk top.

"Say, Freeman," she began amiably, "I guess you'll have to hand it to me all right. I certainly put one over on you. Back to Honeyoye! The cows are waiting! Well, *can* you beat it?" She laughed gleefully.

The agent looked up at her in blank amazement. "Why, what the —," he began, and then swallowed dumbly.

"Some duds, eh?" continued the girl. "And take a squint at those shoes." She extended one foot casually. "Say, man,

tell me, if I can put one over on *you*, what chance will an audience have?"

Freeman tried to speak, but succeeded in emitting only an inarticulate gulp. "What did you think," she went on, "I had a mortgage on the farm to lift—or maybe a father with rheumatism? Oh, it's too good!"

Freeman grew red in the face, and then purple. He made a complete revolution on his chair, slapped his leg soundly, and exploded into a convulsion of laughter that shook the ground glass in the door and drowned the knock. After several efforts he regained control and wiped his tears away with the back of his hand.

"Say, Maery Ell-en," he mocked weakly, "you've got it—you'll do, girl. You certainly will do. Why, I could smell the hay! Bergman will sign you up for a thousand years."

The knock was repeated.

"Come in," he roared, and reached for a pad. "Pull up your chair Maery Ell-en—" he chuckled again, "and we'll talk business."

The irrepressible office boy stuck his head gingerly through the open door.

"Mr. Bergman's here," he proclaimed. "He wants to know when he can—"

"Send him right in," ordered Freeman. "Pull your country line now," he added to the girl. "Tear it to pieces. If you can fool that old fox, you can buy Honeyoye Falls and move the Hippodrome there."

Mary Ellen smiled nonchalantly and brought her toes together at an angle of forty-five degrees, as the urbane, omnipotent Mr. Bergman entered the room. He was the personification of Semitic success and importance—and wealth—which latter is synonymous of the first two. He glanced disinterestedly at the apparition, and addressed Freeman.

"Did you get de Vere all right?" he asked anxiously.

"Look—" replied the agent, "see the prize I've got for you." Bergman followed his finger.

"Cut it, Freeman," he said shortly, "I don't go in for rurals. How about de Vere?"

"I mean it," persisted Freeman with the ardor of a proselyte. "Act for the gentleman, Maery Ellen. Do that sob scene over." He found the place and held out the book. But the girl scorned it and proceeded to exhibit a remarkable facile memory.

The manager with ill grace, sat back to make the best of the situation. Freeman's whims were rather trying at times.

Mary Ellen took the scene, brought it up stage, and trampled on it. She put her soul into the lines and projected them with incredible velocity and abandon. The recoil was tremendous. She leaped around the room with the grace and agility of an infuriated wild creature—a rather heavy one—in defense of its young. She waxed creative and was inspired to interpolate passages of her own. When she beseeched her irate father not to turn her out, Mr. Bergman's risibilities were visibly affected, and when she emerged triumphant from the ruins, arms flying and hatless, his cachinnations were beyond mortal governance. After several supplementary uprisings, he subsided in exhaustion.

Freeman shook his head solemnly. "You can't laugh it off," he said. "She's got May Vokes a mile. Putty that nose, and give her a good makeup, and she'll bring down the house."

Bergman drew a blank contract from his pocket. "I'll have Morrison look her over and write in a character part for 'The Girl in Blue.' What's your name?" he demanded, drawing a chair to the desk.

"Lafferty," she replied. He brought his brows together suspiciously. "My mother's a Jew," she added glibly. "Rebecca Lafferty."

"Maery Ellen," announced Freeman, grinning with glee.

Bergman chuckled and began to fill in the contract. "Forty a week," he said, poised his fountain pen above the blank.

"Forty?" replied the girl incredulously.

"Fifty," he added, quickly.

"Ziegfeld ——," she began. He shuddered at the name of the conjurer.

"Sixty to start with," he said, "and not a cent more. I'm not made of money. You'll get seventy-five after two months if you put it across. Is it a go?"

She nodded, scrawled her name carelessly on the paper, and rose. "When do we start?" she asked.

"Be at the Orpheum at ten-thirty in the morning," replied the manager. "Morrison'll be around then—bring that costume."

The girl patted down her hat, snapped the rubber under her chin and opened the door.

"Good-bye, Maery Ellen," Freeman called after her facetiously.

The office-boy whistled a refrain of wonder and astonishment, and the Pale-one, and the Lavender-faced one stared at her in open-mouthed awe, as she swept through the outer office,—even as the Lady in the jade earrings had swept.

A gray-haired, bent-over, old man rose from a bench in the hall at her appearance. His knotted fingers closed over a hickory cane, as he stood waiting for her.

"How did it come out?" he asked anxiously.

"Oh, it's just fine, Daddy," she replied breathlessly, slipping her arm through his. "I'm to start tomorrow morning—in a character part. I don't know just what that means, but it's *emotional*, and I'll get sixty—dollars—a week." Her eyes grew wide as she lingered on the words. "— and we can finish the payments on the farm right off—and you can go to Clifton Springs for as long as you like. Oh, isn't it just *wonderful*?" She laughed in sheer joy.

The old man shook his head dubiously. "I don't like this play-actin'," he said. "You *will* be a good girl, won't you, Mary Ellen?" His voice trembled at the entreaty.

"Why, Daddy, of *course* I will." She found his hand and squeezed it reassuringly, as they walked down the long corridor to the elevator.

*Philip J. Q. Barry.*

## ALONE.

White daisies are down in the meadow,  
And queer little beetles and things,  
And sometimes nice rabbits and field mice,  
And blackbirds with red on their wings.

I want to explore all alone,  
With nobody spying around,  
All alone, all alone, all alone!  
It has such a wonderful sound.

Just I on the dusty town road  
With my bank-money safe in my purse.  
Do you think I shall ever grow up?  
Or shall I just always have nurse?

*J. Farrar.*

Ed. Note.—*No John, you never will, and yes, John, you always will.*

## HUDSON RIVER BOATS AND THE DISCOVERY OF ROMANCE.

**H**UDSON RIVER boats are conducive to wickedness. Though described as twin-screw liners with accommodations for all they are really vessels of the Primrose Path with discrimination for none. When the moon rises and the swells subside, and the salty evening breeze makes the flag at the bow whip and snap, then, ah! then is the time for Romance. On almost every trip you can get it with a capital R for four dollars. For what you missed while experiencing it I refer you to the folder.

Good news, contrary to the current belief, is no laggard. So it is small wonder that this choice morsel of information through the medium of the sewing circle, which I fear me is not always just sew, had reached the small pink ears of Jean Haynes. And to her it was distinctly good. For Jean lived in one of those villages on the banks of the Hudson which threaten to slide into the green waves lapping at its piers; she had lived and sighed and knitted socks ever since she could remember and gazed wistfully at the great white river boats which connected the Far West—Albany, with the Throbbing East—New York. At night the pencil of their searchlights outlined the red plush chair at the foot of her wooden bed. Once through the fog she had thought she heard a whale blowing.

When one has lived all one's life under such conditions with no more data on the outside world than that gleaned from the *Ladies' Home Journal* and *Chicago Poems*, and when one is small and pretty and twenty-eight, and men gather in little groups at dances and talk about one and look at one but never dance with one, one begins to have leanings toward suffrage and superwomen and solitaire. And then, you know, you are lost.

Jean realized this keenly and having too much intellect to succumb voluntarily to the Vote and to thumbing through the pack for a red card to put on a black, and guessing correctly that romance seldom links arms with a fifteen dollar a week general store proprietor, cast around for Emancipation. From somewhere in the back of her brain drifted the tales she had heard of the Hudson River Line. Given moonlight and stars and a pretty dress, almost anything could be accomplished; better women than she had proved them a winning combination. At least it was worth a trial; so Jean packed her tortoise-shell traveling bag, invented a clever little fib of visiting aged aunts in the city and sallied forth to tame Romance.

The trip to the city was uneventful save for a fat lady with a black lace shawl who showered apples and information that no one's education was complete without at least one visit to the Metropolitan Museum; but apples and information must give out sometime and Jean thankfully escaped, and wended her way toward the steamship offices with "picked on our own farm" and descriptions of Egyptian mummies racing madly through her head.

At the ticket window she had a few qualms; it really did seem materialistic; once aboard she forgot all in the absorption of watching preparations for departure; she clutched her large, light pocketbook tightly and leaned upon the rail gazing at the shouting trucksters as they bumped and shoved their way among the maze of crates and wooden boxes. "Fine to be a man," she thought. And that reminded her of her object. There didn't seem to be many men aboard; perhaps they were in the smoking room waiting until the boat left the dock; some men did that, she supposed.

The steamer gave a hoarse grunt of its whistle, the cries on the dock were redoubled and the thick hawsers splashed and sank in the wood-dotted water; then with a groaning of timbers and a trembling of her frame the steamer moved slowly away from the dock and up the bay. Under the bridge which looked as though it would slice off a section from the tall funnels, past Blackwell's Island with its cloisterlike buildings, through the whirling suds and cross rips of Hell Gate, the boat

steamed. The breeze grew into a miniature gale and the sky line, faded and dusk fell closer. Jean looked about her and saw The Man.

He was coming out of the cabin way with his face turned toward her. A little new moon showed him to be tall and dark. He wore a brown suit and his shoes did *not* have bumps on the toes. And he gave her such a level, impersonal look that Jean decided *he* was no ballroom gossiper. He was the kind that would *dance!* And yet withal there was in his blue eyes a look as of understanding men and perhaps there might be in his brain a knowledge of women. Here, thought Jean, was a Man. Romance could not be very far behind.

And then a strange thing happened; Jean mislaid the modus operandi; she had the man but not the manner; in all the stories she had ever read he did everything; and yet this He did not look as though he would do anything.

Now of Fate and Romance, *I* think Romance is the more powerful; the three dread sisters may weave and apportion and sever the thread, but Romance dictates the quality; to some it is thin and impoverished, but to Jean it was rich and full; for that same gale which harried the flag, swooped upon the light purse, held carelessly, snatched it from her chilled fingers, past The Man who made a gallant try for it and over the rail. Ruefully he approached her:

"By Jove, that's a shame! Almost got the thing, too! Time was when I'd get an awful calldown for a muff like that—hope you won't be so hard on me. But—how about your ticket and some money? Have you got them?"

"No; they were in the purse. I've only my stateroom key," and she held it up to him with its big wooden tag.

"Then," said he brilliantly, "it's a bit unconventional, but under the circumstances I certainly owe you a great deal. I shall expect you to be my guest at dinner. Allow me to introduce myself—Henry Atkins, who was once cleverer with his hands than he is now—and who at present is ——"

"Oh," cried Jean, as they turned toward the cabinway. "That will be perfectly splendid! But please don't tell me any more! Just talk!"

To give a male conversational carte blanche is like waving a red flag at a bull; all through that dinner Henry Atkins sparkled and shone and scintillated in such an unusual manner for him that he began to respect himself more than ever; and Jean leaned forward so intently and laughed at just the right places—not too loudly—that he began to watch for the curl of her short upper lip and the two dimples that heralded her smile and the dancing light in her brown eyes. While Jean? She thought he was so splendid that she wouldn't have cared if he did wear humped shoes.

At last the waiter cleared away the thick demi-tasses and they rose and went on deck. There Henry set two camp stools very close together beneath the life-preserved roof and turned to Jean.

"Now," he demanded, "I have talked of nothing but myself all evening. Suppose you become egotistical."

If to give a male conversational carte blanche is like showing a red flag to a bull, for a woman it is as the same waved at the Empire State Express. Jean, from a flat start picked up amazingly; first of all she disowned her native village, supplying Montmartre and noble but dissipated parents in its stead; she reasoned they created atmosphere; from this it was no strain to jump to the Riviera and Monte Carlo; there Jean discovered she had gained in a splendidly plutocratic manner—losing thousands of francs every time she thought to put them in; there was nothing she hadn't done. She had even been down to Greenwich Village.

"And," concluded Jean, "that's all. I've often been in the same situation as this before—with no money at night and nothing but my doorkey. But I'm not worried in the least because I know . . . ."

"You know nothing at all," interrupted Henry hotly, "except that I've tried to be nice to you because I thought you were different—and the kind of a girl who would expect a man to look after her—and—and because I liked you more than any girl I'd ever known!"

"Oh," whispered Jean miserably, "Oh ——" and stopped. Romance she realized was not so desirable after all—at least

not the made to order kind. She wished she hadn't spent so much or stayed so long at Monte Carlo. After all there were some things. Quickly she bent toward him.

"Mr. Atkins," she said breathlessly, "what I told you wasn't true. I've never been to the Riviera or Greenwich Village; I've never even been in New York until tonight; I've never seen a thousand dollars in American money, let alone French; I read about everything I told you—I don't know what made me tell such fibs unless it was the moon—and Romance—and—and you!"

"My very dear," murmured Henry Atkins ever so gently, leaning forward and holding her face tightly in his two hands and looking at the tear-wet brown eyes which searched his humbly, "I'm so glad it was only the moon and Romance and—I!"

Then he drew her to him and kissed her for a long, long time.

And did Jean find Romance? That I don't know, because, you see, she married him!

*Deane Whittier Colton.*

## PORTFOLIO.

## RAINY MORNING.

When I awoke from sleep this drowsy morn  
The rain was tapping, tapping at my roof.  
I lay and heard it trickle to the eaves  
And drip below, to spatter on the grass.  
The kindly, gentle rain that came to me  
As if each shingle were a little door  
And every drop were really knocking there  
To waken me. Why thought the rain of me  
When just below were dozing gilliflowers  
And gorgeous blooms that frost had laid asleep?  
The friendly rain! how silly she must be  
To waste her vain endeavors all for me.  
But still I must confess, most secretly,  
She charmed me quite with so much flattery.

*William Douglas.*

—It is the stories and poems that we read or have read to us when children that govern to a large extent *AN EXPERIENCE IN POETICS* the trend of our imaginations as well as our conception of the beautiful. Until we have seen an actual tropical forest, the word *jungle* for many of us will immediately call back our early vision of Mowgli and all the green mystery of his habitation; the North Pole, thanks to Mrs. Harrison, will always be a mysterious high-walled palace filled with dazzling blue-winged fairies. Doubtless this state of mind is unhealthy. Doubtless the gentlemen who are about to banish Greek and Latin from our educational curriculum would frown on this state of jumble-mindedness. Doubtless the lady who keeps fairy stories and bible tales from her children for fear that their inconsistencies may breed a tendency to lie, would consider us who rejoice in a well-furbished anecdote, princes of liars. In the face of this array of criticism, however, we may venture to state that under the able tutelage of some of its present-day educators the American child is in danger of having his imagination compressed within the narrowest and most perverted limits.

A child will learn anything that you have the patience to teach him, and not only can his imagination be developed at an

early age, but also his ability to write. And this capacity, though it be used only to write letters, is bound to be appreciated sooner or later, especially if they be love letters.

There is a practical example of this in the experiments of a certain Professor Jones which he told me a short time ago. He had two younger brothers in one of the best private schools in New York. Interested in English and anxious to see what they were being taught, he visited the class one morning. Fred, the younger, nine years old, was called upon to recite part of "Hiawatha," which he did, with apparently no other interest than to sing the metre with every possible error in emphasis. Later the instructor showed Jones, with pride, a painfully neat composition by Frank, aged eleven, entitled, "What I did Yesterday", the grammar of which was faulty and the wording stilted. On the way home Jones decided to undertake a mission. The summer vacation was before them. He would tutor the boys in English and see what could be done about it.

At lucheon he surveyed his material. It was far from encouraging. Fred had distinguished himself that morning before breakfast by feeding indigestion pills to the pony, with disastrous results, while Frank had just driven a baseball through the library window. At least they were normal boys on whom to experiment.

Jones thought he would venture a few questions. "What sort of a book do you like best, Frank?" he asked. The reply was a long eulogy on the merits of "Our Motor Boys." After the excitement from this had subsided, Jones turned to Fred. "Wouldn't you like to learn some poetry this summer?" he queried. Fred looked at him with a pleading, dumb, almost dog-like expression and said, "Oh, but I have to learn so much of that awful stuff at school."

They started in by learning some of the simpler Shakesperian lyrics, then verses here and there from Shelley, Burns, Keats and Byron. Along with each one he gave them bits of the poets' lives, in which the boys proved to be interested. It was fine to realize that Shelley was human enough to play pranks, and, what wonderful stories he must have told in the garden! Frank was gradually weaned from the "Motor Boys", discovered

"Hawthorne's Wonder Book", and later became absorbed in Greek myths. Fred was very much upset at being found one morning pouring over "The Child's Book of Verse", and chanting, actually chanting, "The Skylark" aloud.

The second summer Jones increased the amount of poetry learned and gave them harder tasks. Strangely enough they began to be curious as to rhyme and metre. They discovered the poetry contest in St. Nicholas and all summer there was the undercurrent of the determination to try. Jones kept quiet and thought he would await developments. One morning he gave them both a written test. Fred was asked to give his favorite author and to write a paragraph in imitation of him. They had been reading "The Wind in the Willows". The following resulted. "Kenneth Graham writes beautiful descriptions about the fields, valleys, lakes and rivers. He also writes interesting books." Then the imitation: "The field mouse came out of his little house and the cool breezes puffed his gray fur up in little hills. Around to the right he saw the bubbling river and Mr. Beaver building a dam for a swimming pool."

Jones had asked Frank to give his four favorite poets, and to describe the style of each. The result exceeded his wildest expectations. The boy did not only what he was asked to do, but gave rhymed couplets to illustrate his points. Here is the paper—

"Browning wrote snappy poetry.  
    Boom, boom, the cannons are firing,  
    Bang, bang, the rifles are shooting.  
Shelley wrote nice soft poetry.  
    A soft fleecy cloud floated over the moon,  
    When the little stars were out.  
Wordsworth wrote beautiful descriptions.  
    Up in the sky a lark is singing,  
    But here the voice of a thrush is ringing."

The masterpiece, however, was the parody of Kipling which morally, as well as poetically, I am afraid is a trifle mature.

"I went into a public house as softly as could be,  
Then up and spoke a pretty girl, 'Come take a walk with me soon,'  
Sez I: 'I'll be damn if I do!'"

Later in the summer they both produced poems. Fred's was the more childish, and was, with the exception of one line stolen

quite baldly from Noyes, less imitative. It was called "The Turn in the Road".

"I have seen and so will you,  
Yellow violets and orchids blue,  
But you must go down to the turn in the road  
Where the bumble bee carries his golden load.

"There you will find green willow trees  
With their branches swaying in the soft cool breeze  
And overhead white clouds are wheeling,  
While the silver moon comes softly stealing.

"But should you go there on a starlit night  
When the narrow road's like a ribbon of white,  
Through the hedge green elves are glancing,  
And all the fairy folk are dancing."

These boys probably will not write poetry—that is a matter of divine control; but at least they will come to college with a working vocabulary, and the courage to write what they think. If an attempt is made to develop in every boy and girl in the country a creative imagination, in a few years we may be producing a national poetry that is worth while. Well and good! But what is far more important, we may be taking a step towards an approximation of *national literacy*.

*J. Farrar.*

#### FURROWS.

I never stumble through a new-ploughed field  
Dark with its furrowings, and pale with light  
Of earliest morning, but the tearful sight  
Of blossoms battered, and with wounds unhealed  
Haunts me as do the wailings of the winds.  
But when I stoop and peer off toward the east  
Across the tortured earth, the rising light  
Touches wee, fairy webs with rainbows bright,  
Fit for the hangings at an elfin feast.  
With spider webs her wounds sweet nature binds.

*William Douglas.*

#### A MUTED STRING.

The sullen cliffs loom tall and still,  
The clouds wait silently,  
The red moon starts her wrinkling path  
Across the quiet sea.

The new stars tremble into place,  
All just beyond her reach,  
The shy waves falter in the light,  
And stumble on the beach.

*Philip J. Q. Barry.*

**MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.***Hockey Scores.*

Yale, 7; Colgate, 3.  
Yale, 5; Mass. Aggies, 3.  
Yale, 8; Mass. Inst. of Tech., 1.  
Yale, 1; Dartmouth, 2.  
Yale, 3; St. Nicholas, 2.

*Basketball Scores.*

Yale, 19; Princeton, 20.  
Yale, 33; Columbia, 27.  
Yale, 25; Princeton, 20.

*The Elizabethan Club*

Announced the election of the following members: Prof. Thomas D. Goodell, '77; John L. Schoolcraft, Arthur C. Crunden, 1918; Robert McClure, 1918; Dwight D. Wiman, 1918 S.; John F. Carter, Jr., 1919; Thomas R. Coward, 1919.

*Junior Fraternity Elections.**Delta Kappa Epsilon:*

Robert Campbell Paradise, 1918, of Boston, Mass.

*The University Dramatic Association*

Elected A. C. Crunden, 1918, president, and Dwight D. Wiman, 1918 S., vice-president, for the coming year.

*The Ten Eyck Prize*

Was awarded to John Martin Vorys, 1918.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

## THE END OF THE COMP.

Here's to you of the Chase:  
If you won—  
Take the cup, and drink long.  
If you lost—  
It is hard, but we know  
Your blood is true blue—you were strong.

\* \* \* \* \*

They're off!  
And shivering turf  
Thuds loud to the hoof-beats' sharp ring  
Post and rail—  
A splintering crash  
And the field rushes by in full swing.

Heads up  
Shortened stride and a leap  
And the water jump glitters beneath.  
Safe beyond  
With green meadows ahead  
And the grey takes the bit in his teeth.

"Gone away!"  
Shouts the rider in green,  
Your whip answers what he has said.  
One more fence  
Over clean, and away  
Where the finish flag flutters ahead.

Blood and spurs.  
Merely yards to the end,  
Glistening necks and nostrils of fire,  
Rawhide cuts,  
Steel is cold in the flesh,  
But a Thoroughbred quits PAST the wire.

\* \* \* \* \*

So—

Here's to you of the chase:  
If you won—  
Take the cup, and drink long.  
If you lost—  
It is hard, but we know—  
Every mount was a Thoroughbred born.

S. III.

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